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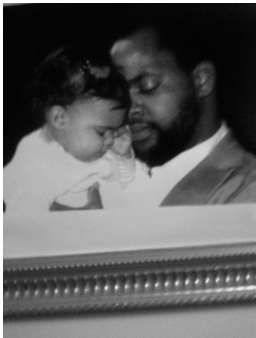
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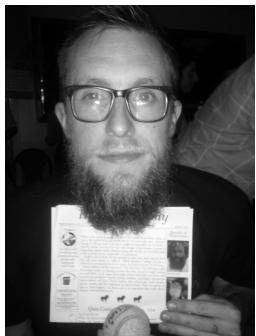
Beards of Worcester



Stephen Symonds Foster



Bill Coleman and child



Mike Leslie



Dylan Clark

Time, They Say, Is the Answer

When I am late for something important, I start to question the nature of time itself. Is all time subjective? Is time, as Newton believed, a separate dimension of our universe, or as Kant believed, a non-entity: neither traversable nor objectively real? Who invented time? Paleolithic man measuring earthly actions by the moon's course? Cæsar with his Roman calendar? Sir Sandford Fleming with the establishment of worldwide timezones?



Not so long ago, when the sun was directly overhead, that was noon. From that, all day-to-day measurements of time followed. For people in a village to the east or the west, noon might fall a few seconds sooner or later than noon in your village, but how would anyone know? Who could travel or communicate fast enough for that to matter?

It was not until the coming of the railroads that differences in local time became a problem. Now people could travel fast enough, far enough, often enough, for these local differences to cause complications in scheduling and communications. In the 1830s and 1840s, some railroads dealt with the complexity by synchronizing all their clocks to the same, standard, time. These times were not standardized between railroads, and a train station might have as many as six clocks to display the times for the different lines. Eventually, our current compromise system of one-hour "time zones" was proposed and implemented.



There are nautical times zones, national time zones, and islands that use the time from the time zone next door. All of these refer back to Coordinated Universal Time (UTC) which is in turn based on International Atomic Time, derived from atomic clocks in over 70 laboratories around the world. Occasionally, a leap second must be added in line with the Earth's rotation. The thirty-fifth leap second since UTC's inception in 1961 will be added on June 30 of this year.

After passing a certain threshold of lateness, I can no longer feel invested in time. I become unstuck, like Billy Pilgrim, adrift in something which may or may not be real. What's the difference between a yocto-second and a cosmological decade? Maybe, as Ray Cummings wrote, "Time is what keeps everything from happening at once." (*Asa Needle & Mike Benedetti*)

Restaurant

1827, from Fr. *Restaurant* "a restaurant" (said to have been used in Paris c. 1765 by Boulanger), originally "food that restores," noun use of prp. of *restaurer* "to restore or refresh," from O.Fr. *restorer* (see *restore*).

Duck Yao was a _____. From its doorstep, candles and tiny hot air balloons ascended into the sky and infinity. Inside, mimes performed 24-hour shows and adoring audiences were fed what they needed, not what they ordered. Did they realize they were eating chocolate cake from one another's mouths? Out back, small swimming pools wanted visitors to slide in . . . or toss in their shoes.

"What is going on here," a Dude asked.

"Use your imagination." A mime did her best to gesture.

Whatever is or was going on here or there is or was one of the weirdest mirrors. If you looked away you missed something impossibly beautiful. (*Duck Yao closed in December. Remembrance by Patricia Kirkpatrick.*)

Watership Down, by Richard Adams, is an odyssey of epic proportion, telling the adventure of a group of rabbits who escape the destruction of their warren and find a new home in a peaceful place. This story of survival and discovery introduces us to the full cast of a cultured rabbit society, including a seer, military forces, a crazy General, brave does, and one rabbit's growth into the ingenious leader who guides them all to a safe and prosperous life. If you have the winter blues, pick up *Watership Down*; because rabbits, like ponies, spread warmth and happiness. (*Maureen Kelly*)



XXXLEAP YEARXXX
JUMP IT!

BY SHANE CAPRA

Many people believe that in December of 2012, the world will come to an end—or at the very least a cool apocalypse in which an inadvertently racist depiction of Mayans, Mad Max, and some other junk involving Derrick Jensen will intersect, creating a cataclysmic break with reality as we know it. These people—of all stripes, shapes, sizes, and phenotypes—share one thing—namely that they are wrong.

The apocalypse will not be wrought by aliens, economic crisis, biblical plagues, eldritch beings, or Mayan calendars. Nope, 2012 is a hoax. What is not a hoax is that this is the FINAL LEAP YEAR. Starting on Leap Day of this year, we will face what may seem a disappointing kind of apocalypse to many, but for others Leap Day will be the beginning of a lonely world.

On Leap Day of this year (and forever after) fantastic obstacles will erupt in the common pathways such as sidewalks, roadways, staircases, and ladders. Alligator moats. Pungi-stake-filled pit traps. Quicksand. Small hills with fences at the top. But fear not—for if you have trained well in the art of **leaping** you will be only mildly perturbed. However, if you have not been practicing your leaps, you will face levels of discomfort formerly reserved for poison-ivy-worshipping cultists.

For you see—in the Leap Year all those who have practiced leaping will simply jump over any tiger-laden obstacle that churns forth in their path—and smoothly moving from point A. to B.—go on with their day. The stunted leaper will not be able to make it over the pit traps or tire piles—and will sadly be mauled alive by fearsome beasts.

Or! And this is the more likely route of the untrained—you will have to walk around the obstacle.

This seems like a mild inconvenience until one considers the implications of the Leap Year Eruption. Here is an example—you and your friend Jen are walking down Pleasant Street to get to the Pickle Barrel. Everything seems normal until the sidewalk busts open in a cloud of dust to reveal a deep pit with brackish water and screaming sharks—screaming. You have barely time to register what is going on before Jen just nonchalantly leaps. She just leaps right over the cavernous crevice and lands on the other side and doesn't even bat an eyelash. Meanwhile you are just standing like an idiot—and you have to walk around. How many times do you think this can happen before the leap-ready get sick of you? No way will anyone put up with your crap after a month! Pretty soon you will lose all of your Leapready friends and family. Sure they'll hang out with you at cafes and sitting around and junk. But if they have to travel with you anywhere they'll start making excuses—"Oh...I'll meet you there" or "let's just stay here."

That's right. You'll miss out on all the walking conversations—which are always the best. And if you don't start to train—you'll begin to notice that society will slowly be shifting to Leaptime—where everything is measured by the best leapers. Not only will you be lonely when you walk around town—you'll be late for everything too! You'll be the butt of jokes and frowned upon at meetings. Soon the excuse of "but a geyser of fire opened beneath my feet on the stairs out of my apartment . . ." will be a total joke—and so will you.

THE LEAP IS NIGH
TRAIN OR DIE



Occupy Is a Hobo
The folks who rode the rails during the Depression were quick to point out the hoboese, tramps, and bums. A **hobo** was looking for work, maybe getting away from something, maybe just looking around for himself. A **tramp** would only work when there was no other choice. A **bum** wouldn't work at all.

Railroad cops would check the hands of the guys they pulled from the trains. The hands that were clean and soft went into handcuffs. The hard-calloused hands that knew a day's work went free.

Occupy will tell you stories that will tell you as much about yourself as about him or the story. Mark Twain was a hobo for himself and for us. He saw an America that was big and starchy-eyed and laughing. Deep racism lived side-by-side with friendship.

Twain told stories of the river banks, as did Thoreau when he studied the plants growing on the sides of the railroad tracks. These little, precious details tell me big things about what I might see and think I know.

Occupy gets into fights. A hobo scares people. The fear goes up logarithmically. Two hoboese make you hold your pocketbook closer. Three makes you cross the street. Four or more and here come the cops. A hobo might or might not understand this power, and might use it to get a meal or to create some theater.

Sometimes the fights made the news. You'd look closely at the pictures and see what you needed to see.

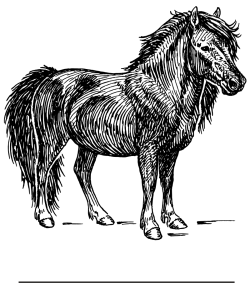
Occupy talks privately, in code, with nearby hoboese and those who wander through days and weeks later.

There are signs about food and kindness and trouble and restful corners. No one writes for themselves. They write for the next wanderer, just as the last wanderers wrote for us.

Occupy has a song, a song that's been written down, but each time it gets sung, it's a new song.

*As I was walkin'—I saw a sign there
And that sign said—no tresspassin'
But on the other side—it didn't say
nothin!
Now that side was made for you and
me!*

Occupy has been about a place, but when you get to the place, you see that it isn't about that place at all. That's why Occupy is a hobo. A hobo will tell you where he's going, but a lot can happen between here and there. Where a hobo is heading is a lot less important than the place that the hobo gets to. Which, of course, is just the place that the hobo won't stay. *(Karl Hakkarainen)*



2012

A NEW COMIC BOOK
BY SAM GASKIN
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Sundials

BY KARA ST. FRANCIS

There's a bunch of different sundials out there. Probably more than you care to know about. All of them look pretty awesome with tons of dials and notches and numbers, sometimes months if you get lucky. All sundials use either the shadow the sun creates by hitting the *gnomon* (amazing Boggle word) or the sun's light directly, which is concentrated through a small hole onto the correct hour.

There are vertical, horizontal, portable, big, little, carved into rock, and *analemmatic* (use this one for Scrabble) sundials. The analemmatic sundial is neat because if it is big enough, *you* are the gnomon, and your own shadow is used to tell the time.

CLEVER SUNDIAL INSCRIPTIONS

- *Utere, non numera.* Use the hours, don't count them.
- *Nunc est bibendum.* Now is the time to drink.
- *Umbra sumus—tamen his aevum compoitur umbris.* We are a shadow—yet time is made up of such shadows.

Maybe you think you want a sundial? Just be aware that if you get one, they will only tell you the solar time, not that actual (Greenwich) time. You will be late to that meeting/work/other boring social occasion you have marked in your planner. If you want to be on time, you'll need to know your exact latitude, so you can then do some math.

LOCAL(ISH) SUNDIALS, RATED

- Ecotarium's got one. It's by where that polar bear used to be. :((3/5)
- WPI campus (pictured below). It's little. (2/5)
- Old Sturbridge Village. Embedded in a rock I believe. (4/5)
- Harvard. It's also little. (2/5)

GLOBAL SUNDIALS, RATED

- Jaibur, India has the biggest sundial ever, it's like an acre. Which was built by the "Newton of the Orient." (5/5)
- Sundial mentioned in the Bible. (5/5)

Maybe you're thinking Bible mention gets 5 out of 5 really? Yes really, because this is how it's mentioned:

"Behold, I will bring again the shadow of the degrees, which is gone down in the sun dial of Ahaz, ten degrees backward."
(Isaiah 38:8)

SUN DIAL OF AHAZ! Sounds pretty awesome when you say it out loud. Like D&D stuff. That's what earns a 5.

You could luck out and find a sundial on or engraved into a gravestone. This would mean you found the best dead person. Hands down. +10 points if it was super accurate. That means they took the time to pick out their exact plot.



Edwards Sundial, Freeman Plaza, WPI
Photo by Mike Benedetti

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HAPPINESS PONY
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January 2012

Revenue	
Donations from editors	\$88.62
Ad sales	\$0.00
Other donations	\$0.00

Expenses	
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Test copies	\$1.19

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